

# The Day of the President's Message

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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The president of the United States was about to send to congress a special message outlining his views on the great question that had come up. All over the world, wherever civilized people had gathered together into a nation, statesmen, financiers, and commercial heads were waiting to learn the stand of the executive. The United States was on the point of taking a decisive step—forward, some would say; backward, would say others; but decisive, nevertheless.

Consequently, throughout the country was suppressed excitement, rising to fever heat in the newspaper offices.

This day the telegraph room was supreme, and the telegraph editor was in his glory. With the exception of space needed for "paid matter," the whole paper was at his disposal should he want it. His staff had right of way over editorial and local. Therefore it was to be expected that the telegraph editor would look triumphant and important, and the city editor would look glum and foreboding.

Yet in his little den the telegraph editor of the Times sat disconsolate, and gently swore at the president, the president's message, and at himself for being where he was. The afternoon of to-day was the one above all others on which he wished to be off early. The girl was coming through on her route home from Chicago, and he had prevailed on her to stop in the city between trains. He had planned to go up the line a few stations and meet her, and in his last letter he had arranged details to this effect.

By thus escorting her he would gain half an hour or more in her company, and would have the bliss of riding with her on the train.

In order to carry out the scheme the telegraph editor would be obliged to take the two o'clock train, necessitating leaving the office an hour and a half before the last form was closed. He had figured that Gerald, from the city room, who had some experience in telegraph work, could finish out the day until "thirty" came in; and Gerald had consented to help in this manner.

But here was the president's message, actually 24 hours ahead of the time fixed upon, unofficially, according to rumor from Washington.

Yesterday McVey, managing editor, had said, on hearing of the change in date:

"I'm afraid we'll have to use you to-morrow, Roberts. Gerald can't be trusted to handle this message, you know. Can't you make your trip on the next day just as well?"

The next day—hardly! The telegraph editor was inclined to resent the idea. To-morrow, with the girl in it, and the next day, with her not in it—speaking relatively—were as unlike as sunshine and darkness. But McVey couldn't understand, of course, and it would be of no avail to attempt to explain the situation to him.

The telegraph editor was 23 and in love, and, considering that he had not seen her for a year, and that she lived 300 miles from him, his provocation to vent his displeasure as he thought the occasion demanded was pardonable. Clearly McVey was not to blame for the ruined hopes; the girl was not to blame; himself was not to blame; it was the president of the United States who was to blame.

The day of the message had now dawned, and the telegraph editor was fitfully conscious that really the afternoon was not to be wholly devoid of pleasure. He had the secure anticipation of meeting her at the station, anyway, though deprived of the ride on the train from up the road into the city.

It was waxing along towards noon. The telegraph copy had been cut and condensed, saving only enough to fill up with and to furnish the heads required for the typographical appearance.

McVey evidently had forgotten entirely that this was the day when the telegraph editor had intended taking a jaunt, fraught with much of moment. The youth was disposed to bristle at such laxness of memory and such dearth of sympathy, but he remembered that the managing editor was not aware of the circumstances of the case. He was brusque, and 40, and had no girl.

As the telegraph editor sat at his desk and waited for the message he was tracing the movements of the girl. He saw her at the station in Chicago, saw her trip aboard the train, and saw the admiring glances of the persons round about her. At this minute she must be half way to the junction where he had promised to meet her. She would be disappointed. She would receive a bit of yellow paper here telling her how sorry he was, for he had sent a dispatch to her to this point in part compensation for the break in their arrangements.

He wondered if she loved him—gail! how he loved her! If he had gone up the road and had ridden down with her he would have revealed his passion, and would have settled his fate. On the train, close beside her, would have been a fine opportunity. That bungling president's message! It had cheated him out of perhaps heaven itself. He might never have another chance so good as this had seemed.

The telegraph instrument ticked sharply and stopped. The operator put his cigar in his mouth, and with finger on the sounder clicked back:

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East Las Vegas, New Mexico

"Chicago says 7,000 words," he remarked.

"When will we get it?" inquired the telegraph editor, abstractedly, his thoughts 120 miles away, where he fancied the train, and the girl, were.

"She's coming now," replied the other, referring to the message. The telegraph editor, thinking of quite a different subject, smiled and ejaculated:

"Let 'er come."

The operator pounded his typewriter industriously.

"Is that it?" asked the omnipresent McVey. "Good! Get your head up as soon as you can, Roberts. Fire the stuff out a sheet at a time. I'll bulletin about this," and he rushed off to write and paste in the window the fact that "the president's message is now being read to congress."

No need to enforce on the mind of the telegraph editor the demand for hurry. He was too thorough a newspaper man to do anything else but hurry; and, besides, the girl's train pulled in at a quarter before four o'clock, and the message must be disposed of and the last page filed in time to allow him to be at the station to greet her. He did not want to slight his work, but the possibility of being given a second late made him a desperate man.

The girl—he saw her face between every line of the type-written copy spun from the wire. When he edited the matter he did so mechanically. His sub-heads were inserted more by intuition than by understanding. When he read the section about Great Britain, he was recalling the night he took her to the Junior hop; when he punctuated the troubles with Germany, he had in his mental eye that glorious mending retaliation, he was going over the last time he had seen her; and when he indicated with his pencil that the paragraph hinting at war should be set in "black letter," he was conjuring up a far more important crisis—the manner with which she would welcome him at the depot.

All through the building there was now hustle and energy. The wire leading into the telegraph room was humming with the code words, rushing the operator to his utmost. Roberts, capitalizing here, corrected the copy-boy. McVey was in and out, seeing that the pressure was maintained. Every person was imbued with the single idea of "getting on the street" before the rival papers.

"Keep 'em going, Roberts," called McVey. "What's this—you haven't the end, have you?" he exclaimed, leaning over the shoulder of the operator.

"No. Wreck item," responded the man, laconically, hammering away.

"On the L. N. & R. One killed," he volunteered, and he jerked the sheet out and inserted another. "More message coming," he explained.

On the L. N. & R. That was the route over which she was approaching. The telegraph editor started in his chair when he heard the news. After a rapid glance through it McVey handed the sheet to him. He seized it. There were but a few lines about the accident—it was comparatively an unimportant one—but instantly her name leaped from the text and smote his eyes. They were the only letters he distinguished: "Killed—Edith Pettit, Juxton, Kan.; wounded—"

"We can't use that wreck," cautioned McVey. "Never mind it—no body from here in it—will hardly delay the train, even. Don't amount to much to-day, especially. Rush this message stuff, though. They're ready for more."

"Killed—Edith Pettit. Killed—Edith Pettit. Killed—Edith Pettit." The words danced before the telegraph editor. He looked with dazed eyes at the sheet. "Killed—Edith Pettit, Juxton, Kan."—it was no mistake.

"Copy!" interrogated the boy, extending his ink fingers.

The telegraph editor tore off the portion of the sheet containing message and nodded for it to be taken. He could not speak.

"Here's thirty, thank God!" said the operator, fervently, and he stuck

on the hook the sheet bearing in capital letters the name of the president of the United States, signed at the close of the document promulgated by him.

"Quite a message, isn't it?" remarked the operator, scratching a match.

The telegraph editor did not reply. The operator lighted his stub of a cigar and puffed contentedly. The copy-boy shambled in and was given the sheet.

"Killed—Edith Pettit."

The announcement seemed to be written on the walls, on the floor, on his desk, and the telegraph editor arose and looked out of the window upon the street. But he saw nothing there. He was gazing far, far through years and years into another life when he had met and talked with her. Now—

"Mighty good paper to-day, Roberts," interrupted McVey, and he heard the managing editor pass through into a room beyond. Below the cries of the newboys swelled to a clamor as one after another received his bundle and fled into the highways and byways. The telegraph editor turned wearily from the window. He saw a copy of the paper lying on his desk. The heads were familiar to him. Could it be possible he had written them? Maybe, but oh, so long ago.

He hesitated, and then slowly closed his desk and locked it. He took his overcoat from his hook and donned it. As he did so his hand struck a hard substance in a side pocket of the garment.

It was a box of candy he had bought for her.

He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stumbling blindly through the hall descended the stairs.

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Farmers and mechanics frequently meet with slight accidents and injuries which cause them much annoyance and loss of time. A cut or bruise may be cured in about one-third the time usually required by applying Chamberlain's Liniment as soon as the injury is received. This Liniment is also valuable for sprains, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. There is no danger of blood poisoning from an injury when Chamberlain's Liniment is applied before the parts become inflamed and swollen. For sale by all dealers.

Call up Main 2 when you have any news. The Optic wants it.

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Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

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"I have used your valuable Cascarets and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."

Edward A. Marx, Albany, N.Y.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. No. 25, 50c. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped O.G.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 60c

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES.

# WANTS

WANTED—A good man as assistant manager for an old line life company. One of good character who can furnish surety bond. Prefer one with some experience. Must be a hustler and not afraid to work. No has-beens. To such a man a good salary and commission will be paid. Address Optic.

WANTED—Woman for laundry work. Apply 903 Tilden.

WANTED—A first-class carpenter. J. C. Schlott.

MEN LEARN BARBER TRADE—Short time required; graduates earn \$12 to \$30 week. Moler Barber college, Los Angeles.

## FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house at \$15 per month. Inquire 618 Grand avenue, or telephone Main 428.

FOR RENT—Front room with use of bath. 906 Third street.

FOR RENT—Two room furnished house. 921 Lincoln.

FOR RENT—One 7 room house, and one 5 room house. \$20 Gallinas.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; electric lights and bath. 719 Grand ave.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. M. Howell, 721 Fourth.

FOR RENT—5-room cottage, range and sewer connection, 414 Seventh.

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FOR SALE—A fresh milch cow. Apply 403 Railroad ave.

FOR SALE—Good, fresh cow. 925 Columbia ave.

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey cow. See D. H. Grant

FOR SALE—Carriage, good as new. 1016 Fifth street.

FOR SALE—Legal blanks of all description. Notary seals and records at the Optic office.

OLD newspapers for sale at The Optic office, 10 cents a bundle.

## LOST.

LOST—Pocket memorandum book. Please return to R. B. Schoonmaker.

MODERN COTTAGE FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

926 Eighth street, corner Washington avenue, nice location, low price, easy terms, yard and parking beautifully set with trees and blue grass, 2 25-foot lots, 7 rooms including bath, range in kitchen, large basement with furnace heat and 3 fire places, front and back porches, complete plumbing up and down stairs, wired throughout for electricity, very complete pantry, also 3 closets in bedrooms, cement walks inside and outside yard, leading to car line two blocks away, land high, fine elm trees, yard for garden, chicken houses and pens, barn. Furniture in the house for sale.

If you ever expect to buy a modern cottage, look this one over quick. Title perfect. Abstract furnished; worth \$4,500, can be had now for \$3,500, or without furniture \$3,300, \$1,000 down, balance at 8 per cent. Possession at once, or if occupied, in 30 days, if desired by purchaser. Address owner: MRS. W. S. UPHAM, Colorado Springs, Colo.

When a man is a human jelly-fish it stands to reason that he hasn't an honest bone in his body.

## Sore Nipples

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all dealers.

Many a girl who is wedded to her art could get a divorce on the ground of non-support.

Croup, bronchitis and other throat troubles are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar as it soothes and heals the inflamed throat and bronchial tubes and the most obstinate cough disappears. Insist upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Appearances are often deceptive. Many a man with a red nose has a white heart.

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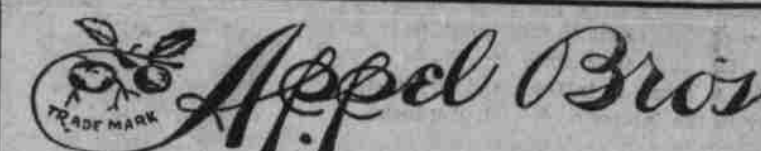
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## ADVERTISED LETTER LIST.

East Las Vegas, N. M., June 25.—Letters remaining uncalled for the week ending June 25.

Beltran, Jesus; Cliscoe, John O.; Daniels, Mrs. L. (2); Danforth, Mrs. Wm. B.; Goff, Miss Helen B.; Harry, C.; Higley, Russell; Harter, F. C.; Bawaya, S. A.; Wright, Charles.

Letters held for postage: Wm. H. Wise & Co., Chicago.

Postcards held for postage: Mr. J. D. Rife, Barry, Ill.; Miss Celestine Baca, Raton, N. M.; Mrs. Jennie Pierce, Emporia, Kan.

Postcard held uncollectible: Senerita Refugio Gonzales, Mexico city.

When calling for the above please say "advertised."

F. O. BLOOD, P. M.

## A Thrilling Rescue.

How Bert R. Lean, of Cheny, Wash., was saved from a frightful death is a story to thrill the world. "A hard cold," he writes, "brought on a desperate lung trouble that baffled an expert doctor here. Then I paid \$10 to \$15 a visit to a lung specialist in Spokane, who did not help me. Then I went to California but without benefit. At last I used Dr. King's New Discovery which completely cured me and now I am as well as ever." For lung trouble, bronchitis, coughs and colds, asthma, croup and whooping cough it's the supreme 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

The only way a doctor could get anything out of some of his patients would be with a stomach pump.

If You Are Worth \$50,000 Don't Read This

This will not interest you if you are worth fifty thousand dollars, but if you are a man of moderate means and cannot afford to employ a physician when you have an attack of diarrhoea, you will be pleased to know that one or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure it. This remedy has been in use for many years and is thoroughly reliable. Price 25 cents. For sale by all dealers.

The man who has no time for his friends will eventually discover that he has no friends for his time.

## A Wreck

is the only fit description for the man or woman who is crippled with rheumatism. Just a few rheumatic twinges may be the forerunner of a severe attack—stop the trouble at the start with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures the rheumatism and all pain. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in the spring in order to feel well. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "me gran'mudder's dead, an' I want de afternoon off." "Johnny," exclaimed his employer, severely, "do you know where little boys go who tell lies?" "Yes, sir, to de ball game," replied Johnny, unblushingly.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best on the Market.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and find it the best on the market," says E. W. Tardy, editor of The Sentinel, Gainsboro, Tenn. "Our baby had several colds the past winter and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always gave it relief at once and cured it in a short time. I always recommend it when opportunity presents itself." For sale by all dealers.

Sillicus—"Yes, she has threatened to make things unpleasant for him." Cynicus—"Is that so? When are they going to be married?"

## Trouble Makers Ousted.

When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his dyspepsia and indigestion fly, but more is he tickled over his new, fine appetite, strong nerves, healthy vigor, all because stomach, liver and kidneys now work right. 25c at all druggists.

If by chance you should meet a woman who is non-communicative and you would like to hear her talk, tell her a secret.

## You Never Can Tell

Just exactly the cause of your rheumatism, but you know you have it. Do you know that Ballard's Snow Liniment will cure it?—relieves the pain—reduces the swelling and limbers the joints and muscles so that you will be as active and well as you ever were. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Center Block Depot Drug Co.

After a woman has buried her third husband, you can't tell her much about men.

## A Card.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

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